MARVEL

EXCLUSIVE

INFINITY COMICS

016

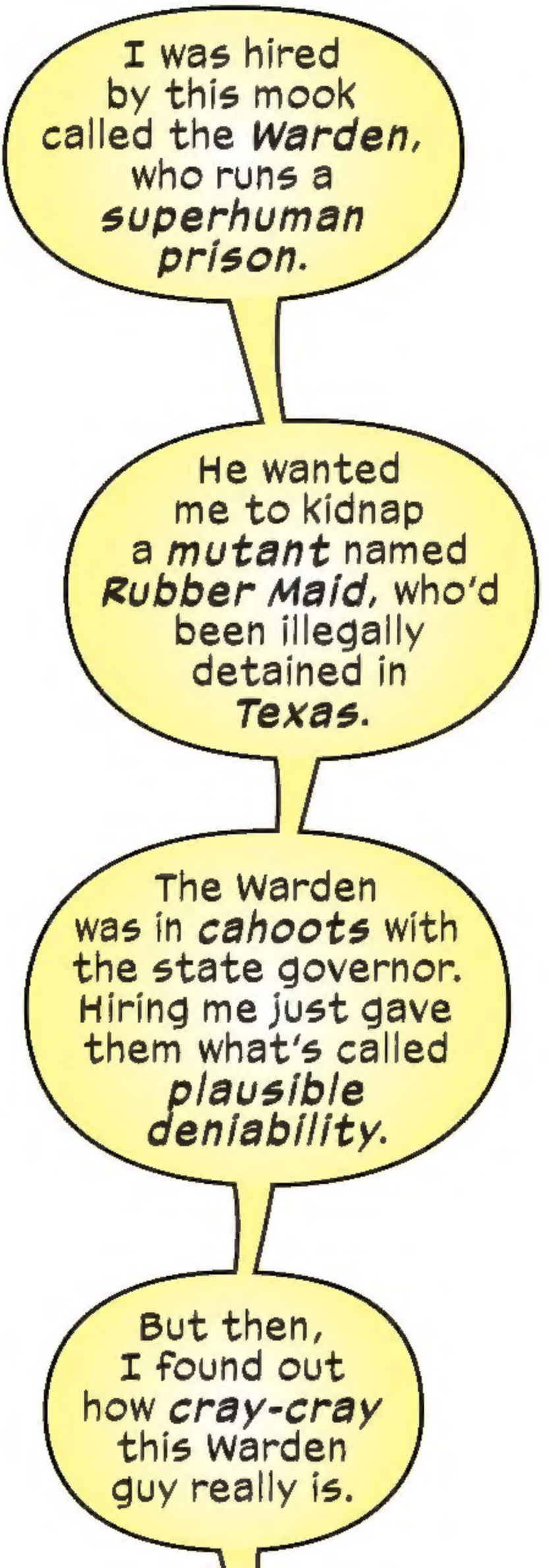
T+

DEADPOOL

JUGGERNAUT

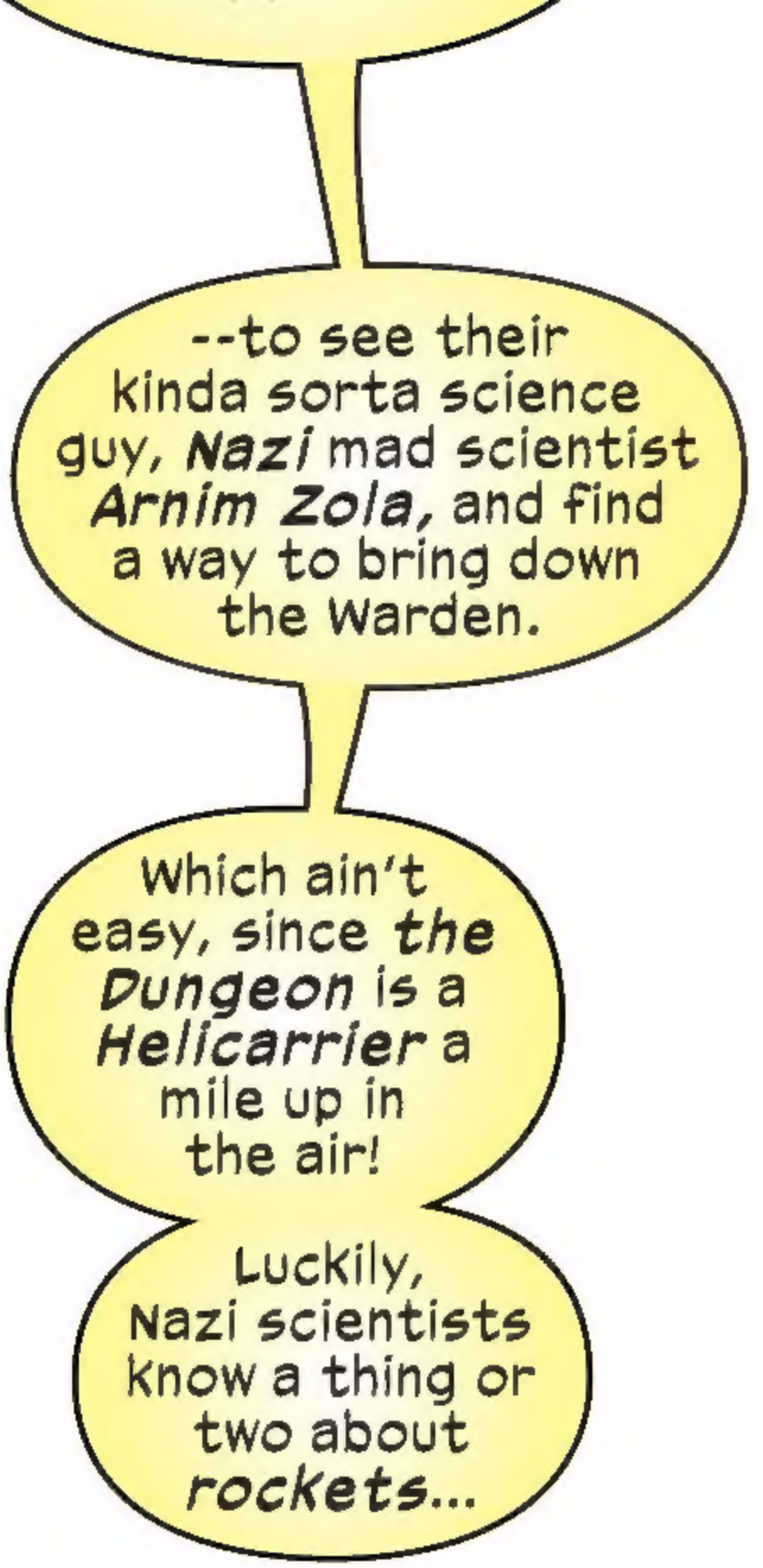
IN

PARADISE LOST

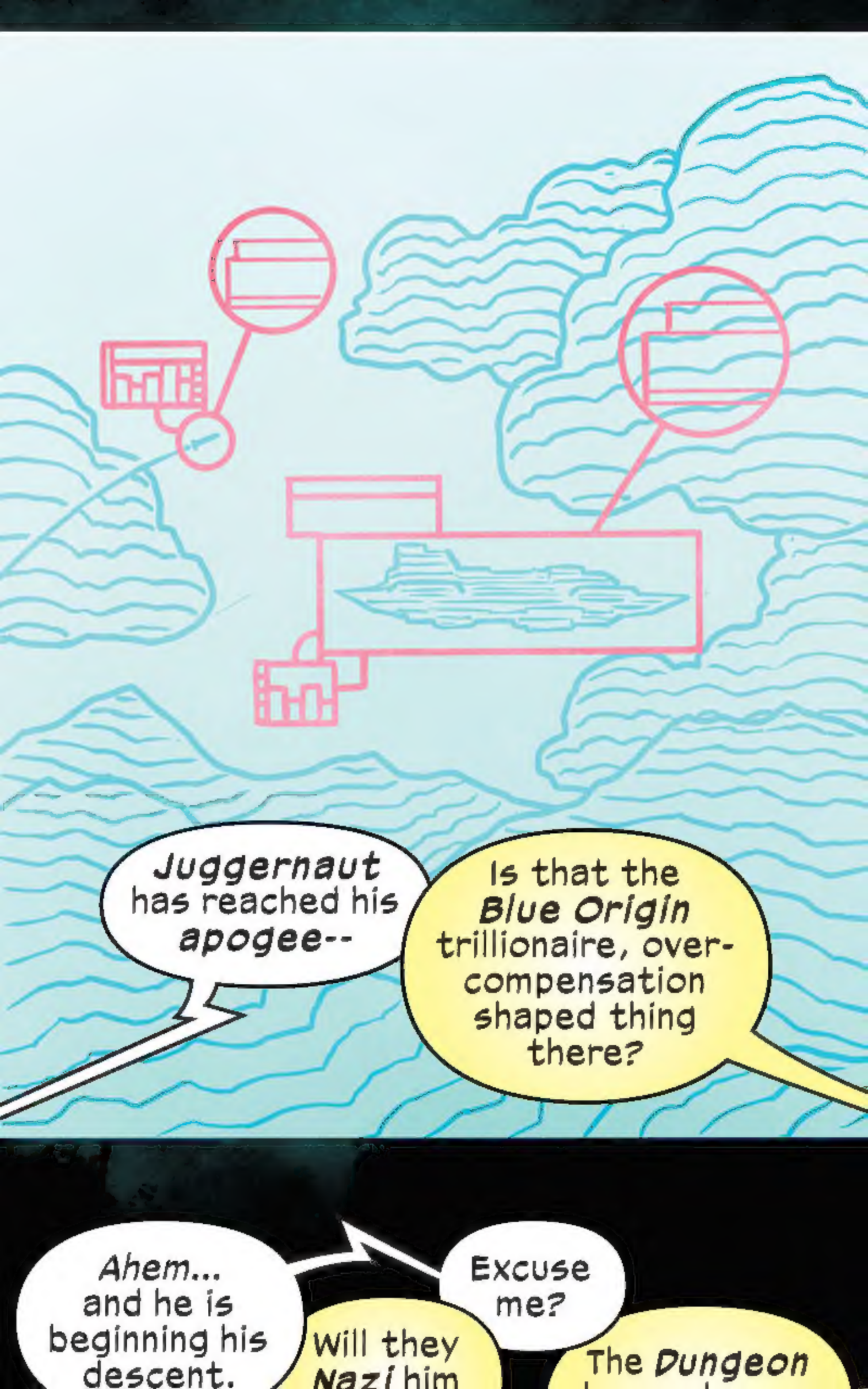

I was hired by this mook called the *Warden*, who runs a *superhuman prison*.
He wanted me to kidnap a *mutant* named *Rubber Maid*, who'd been illegally detained in *Texas*.
The Warden was in *cahoots* with the state governor. Hiring me just gave them what's called *plausible deniability*.
But then, I found out how *cray-cray* this Warden guy really is.

By taking *samples* from me (possibly including my scapula), he could genetically create *unkillable killer soldiers.*

I went with my very hard-punching pal, the *Juggernaut,* and his loser band of not-quite heroes, the *Unstoppables--*


--to see their kinda sorta science guy, *Nazi* mad scientist *Arnim Zola,* and find a way to bring down the Warden.
Which ain't easy, since *the Dungeon* is a *Helicarrier* a mile up in the air!
Luckily, Nazi scientists know a thing or two about *rockets*...

CHAPTER FOUR
DOWN GOES FRAZIER!

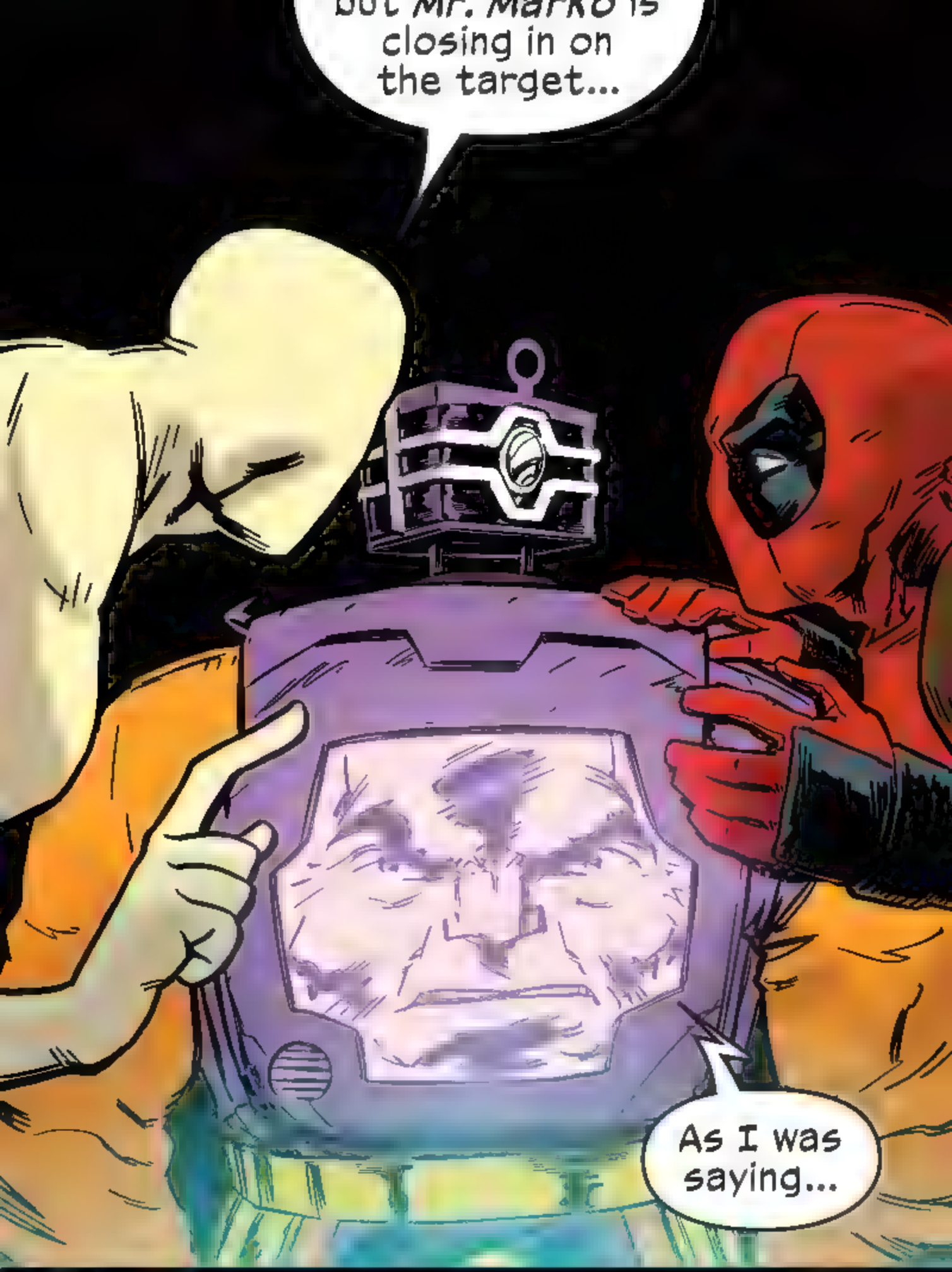

Juggernaut has reached his apogee--
Is that the Blue Origin trillionaire, over-compensation shaped thing there?
Ahem... and he is beginning his descent.
Will they Nazi him
Excuse me?
The Dungeon

coming?
has radar, so how can they *Nazi* him?

Precise planning was

Achtung!

My apologies for interrupting your shenanigans,


but Mr. Marko is closing in on the target...
As I was saying...

"...I planned for this challenge.

"To bring down a craft of that size requires precision.

"They could compensate if ve were to take out a single thruster.
"But zey would drop like a rock should ve damage zeir engine.

"Und zo, ve choze ze perfect point of attack!"

GRRMM
What was that?

The gravity stabilizers are off-line!
What should we do, Warden?

I would imagine our options are limited, son.
We either *repair* the stabilizers, or we *land*.

Dispatch a *security team* to that deck.
This was no *accident*...

"...we were attacked!"

I am going to #@$% things up...

Und ze craft ees now decreasing its altitude!
Your accent is getting really thick, Arnie.
Eet eez not!
It's not my imagination, right?

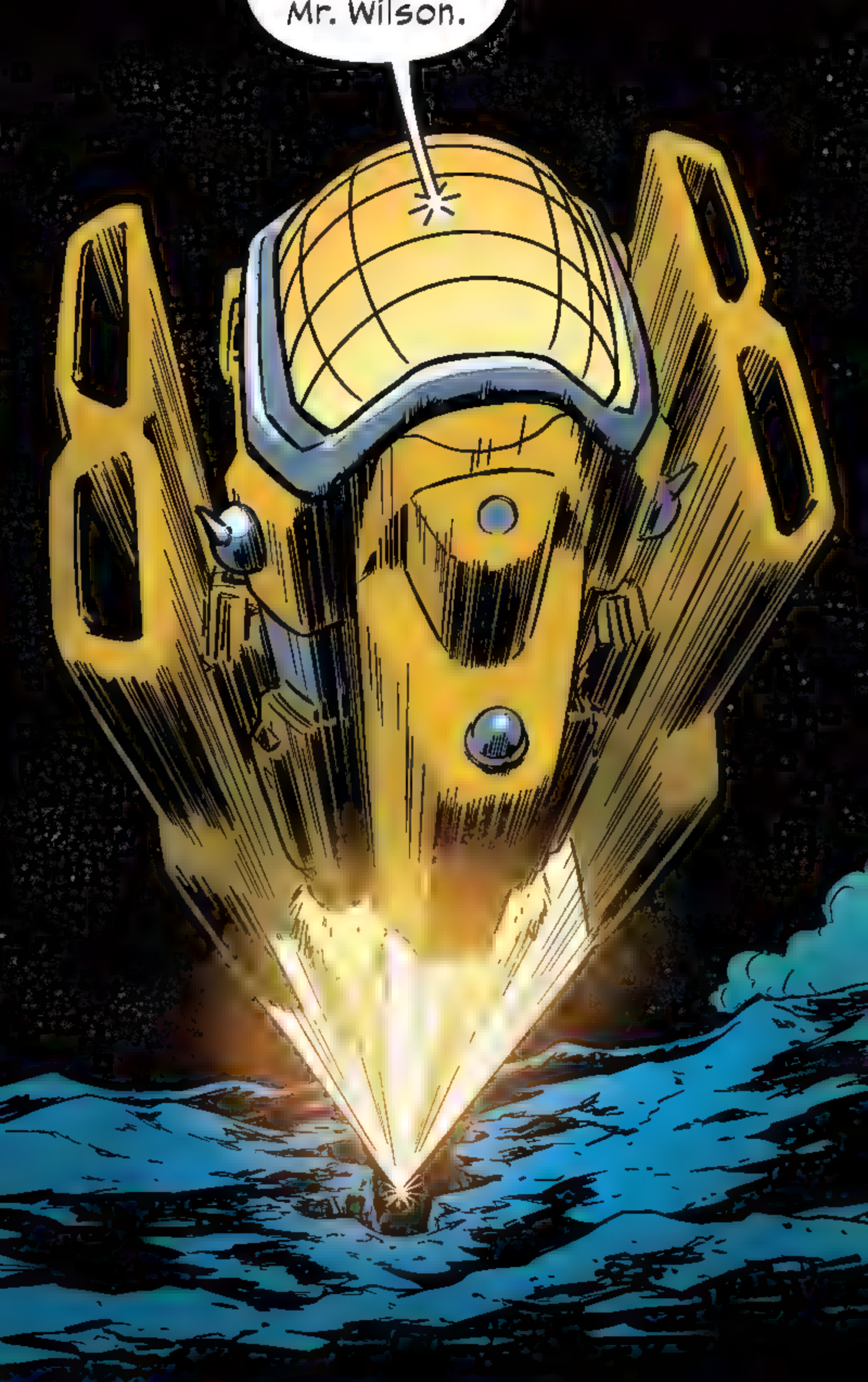
The more excited the little Nazi gets, the thicker his accent gets?
Nein! Nein! Nein! Zat ees

preposterous!

He sounds like a cartoon character. Just

not a funny one.
Right?
I'm sorry, Dr. Zola. It's true.
Get to ze jumpship!

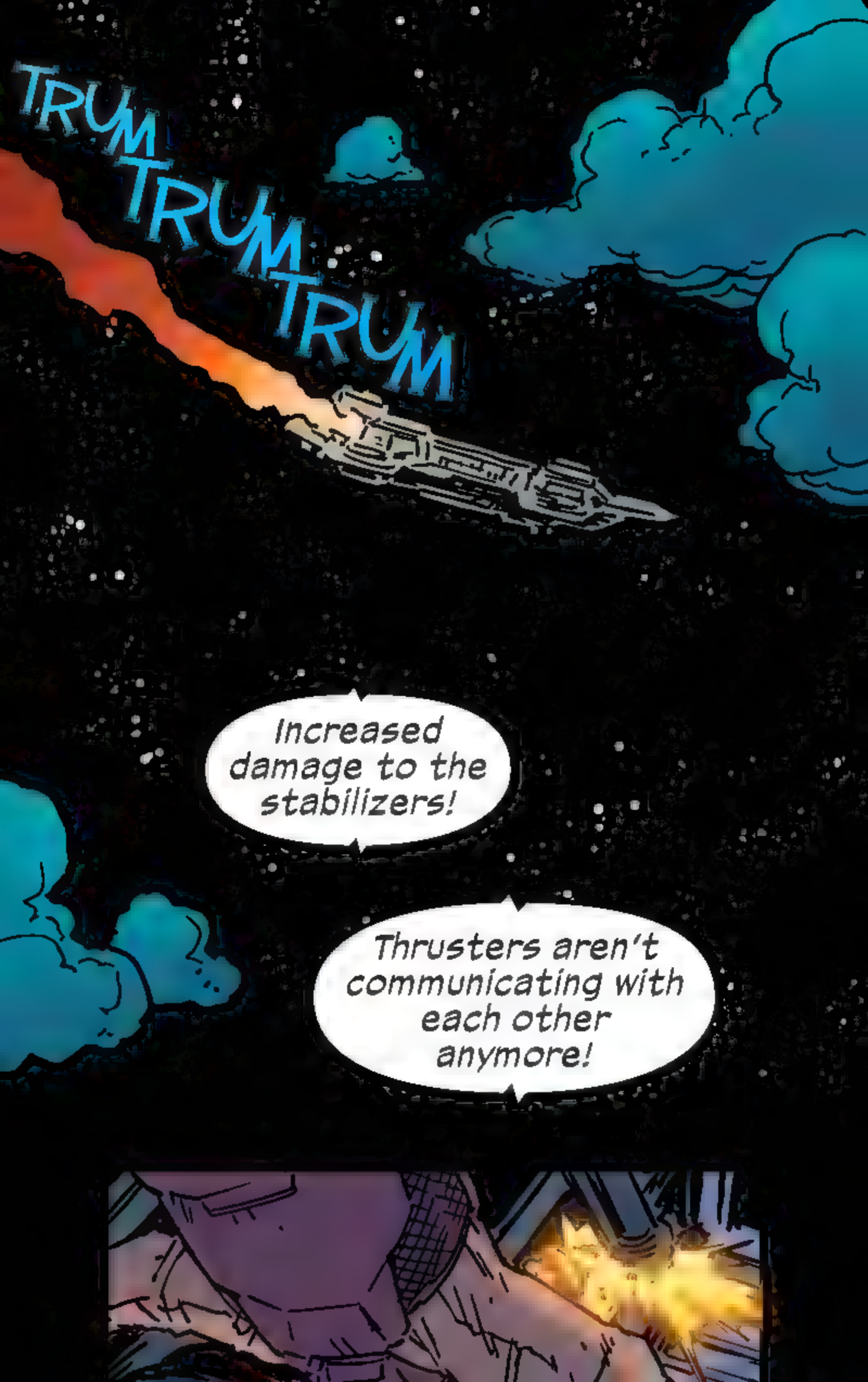
You upset Dr. Zola,

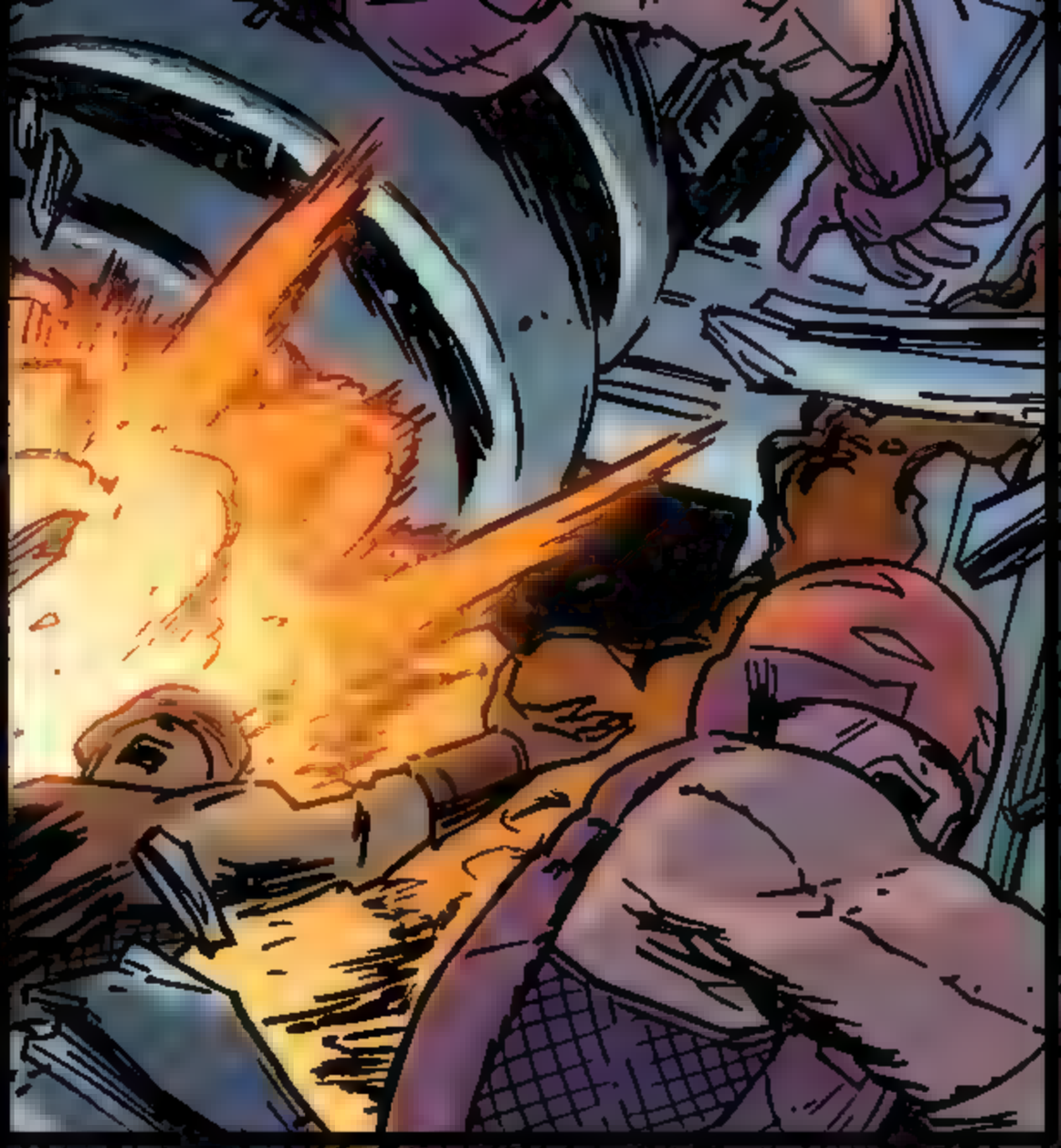

Mr. Wilson.

Tough nuts. He's a piece of filth.
I mean, yeah, he's *smart*, but we *do* have to draw a line!
You are in a craft he procured for us on the way to a Helicarrier he is bringing down for us.

Well, then we should draw the line for working with Nazis at only those Nazis who can help us.
The Dungeon is coming down faster than it should be.

Something is wrong.
I hazard we can easily guess...
...what that is...


TRUM TRUM TRUM
Increased damage to the stabilizers!
Thrusters aren't communicating with each other anymore!



All gravitational coordination is off-line!

Our descent speed is increasing!

We're all going to die!

Well, you idiots got no one to blame but yourselves.

Try rotating the tilt on the forward thrusters!
Can't get them to sync their tilt angles!
Shut down rear thrusters-- that might raise our bow!

Indeed, Marko...well played.
The fight was never intended to be fought in the air, was it...?

There it is.

And there it goes.

This is the *Warden*.
All hands on board...

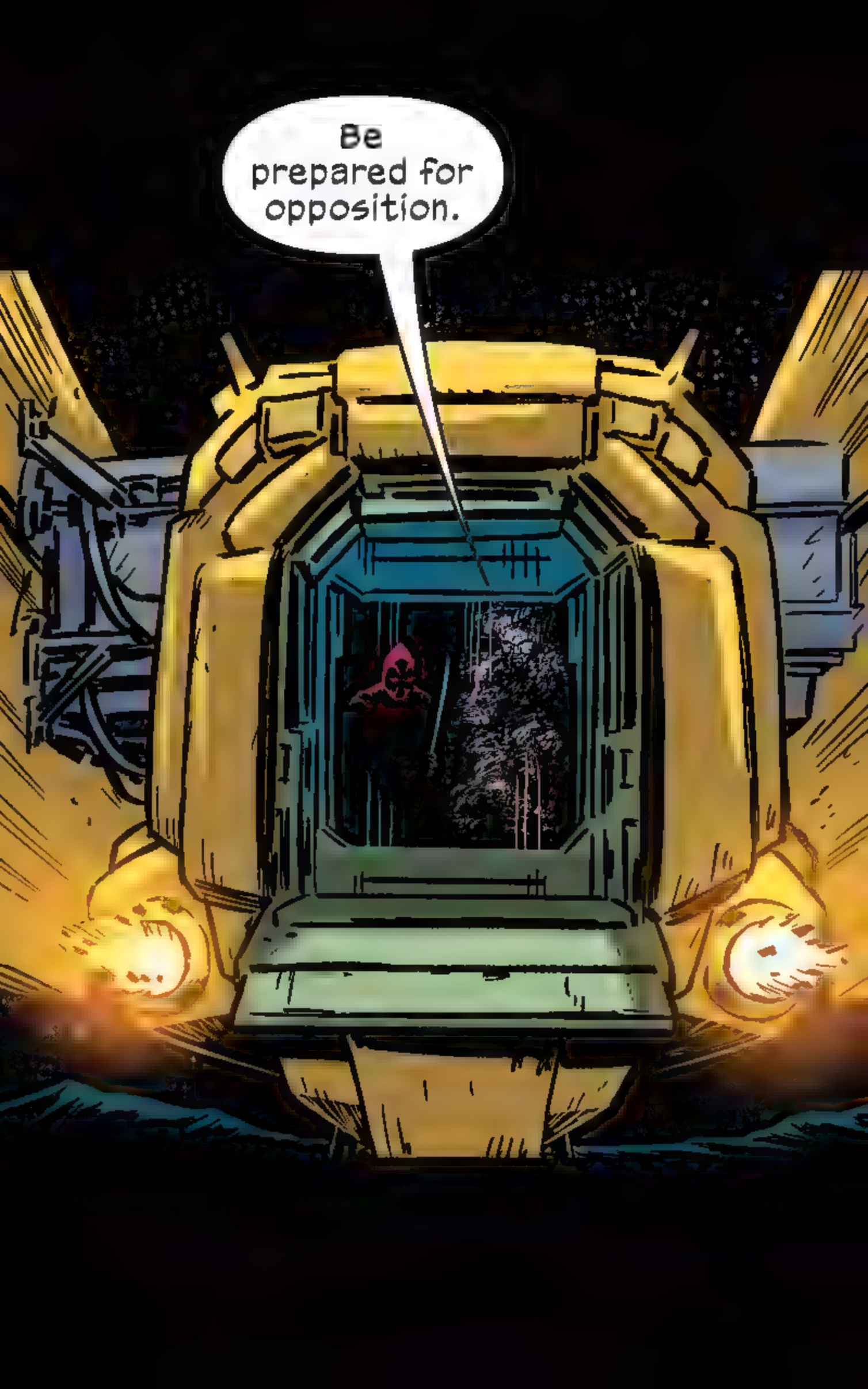
"...prepare for *impact!*"

Is it wrong that I am very excited to see this thing crash in a vertical scroll?
You have a very interesting brain, Mr. Wilson.
Don't I know it. Okay, here we go...

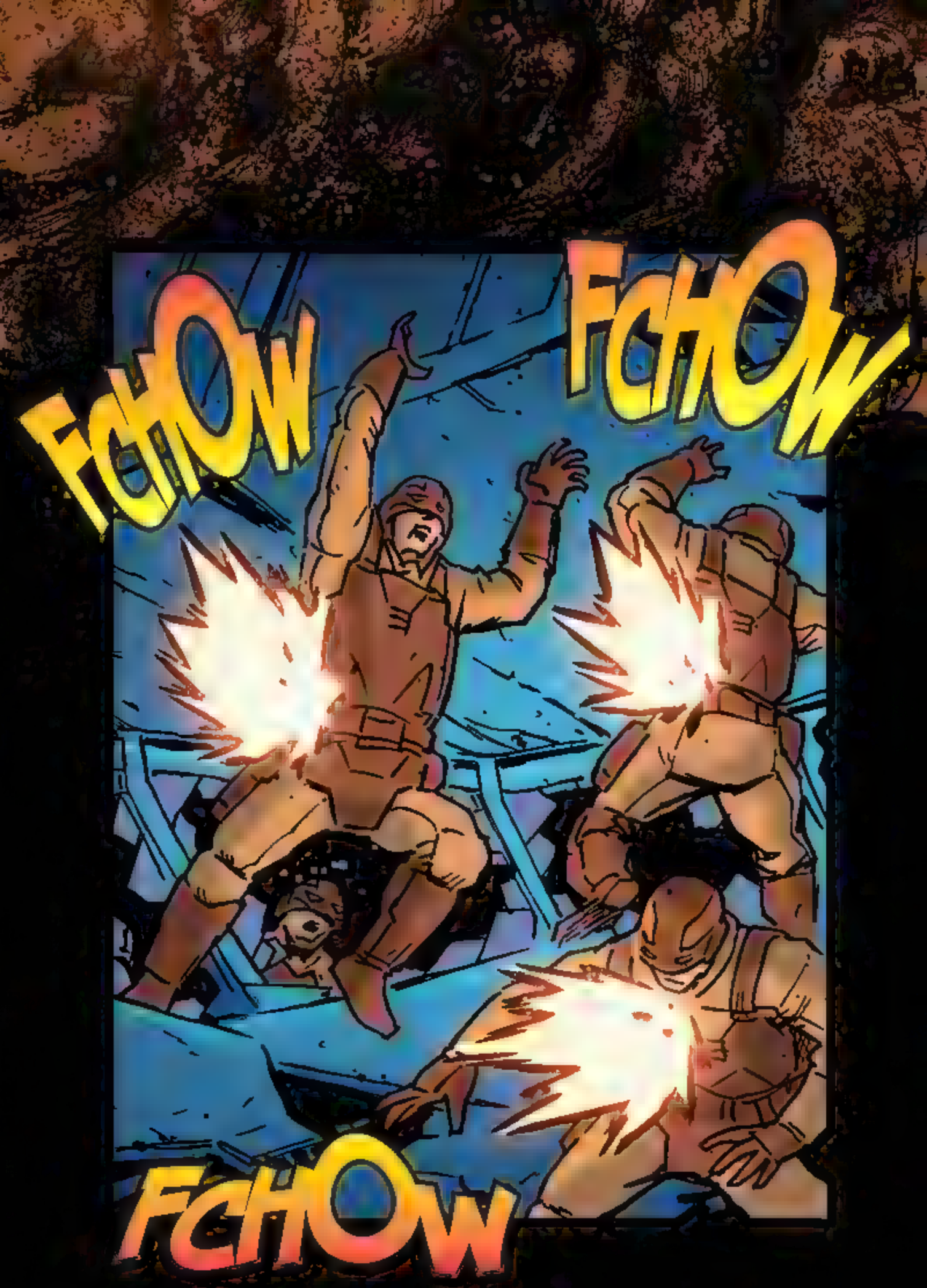
DOWN GOES FRAZIER!

DOWN GOES FRAZIER!

DOWN GOES FRAZIER!

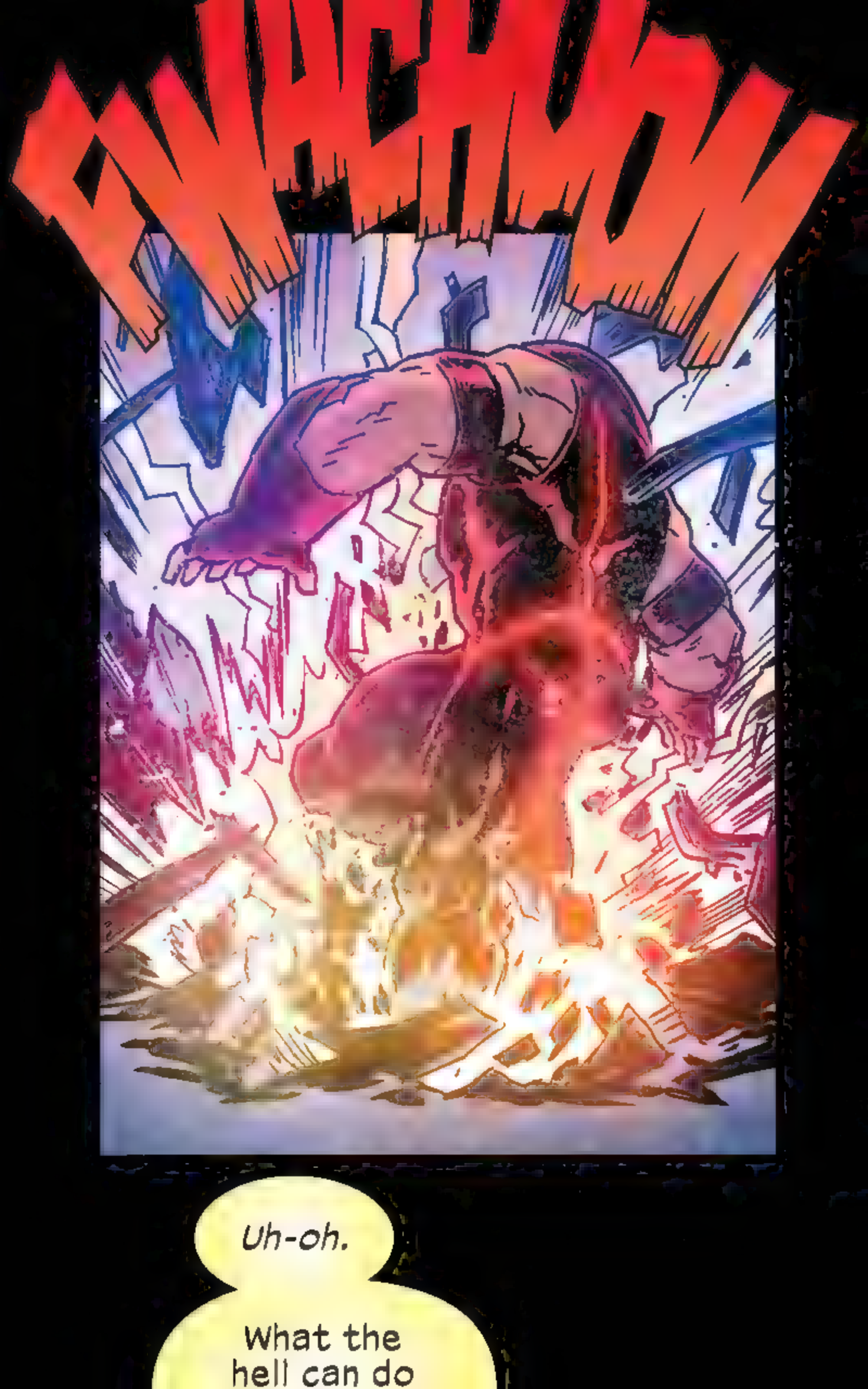

Be prepared for opposition.

How about if the opposition prepares for *us?!*



I got the

I got the cannon fodder. You find Marko and the *Warden*.


KABOOM
Uh-oh.
What the hell can do

that to the Juggernaut...?

Cain, what happened?
We're too late, Nguyet...

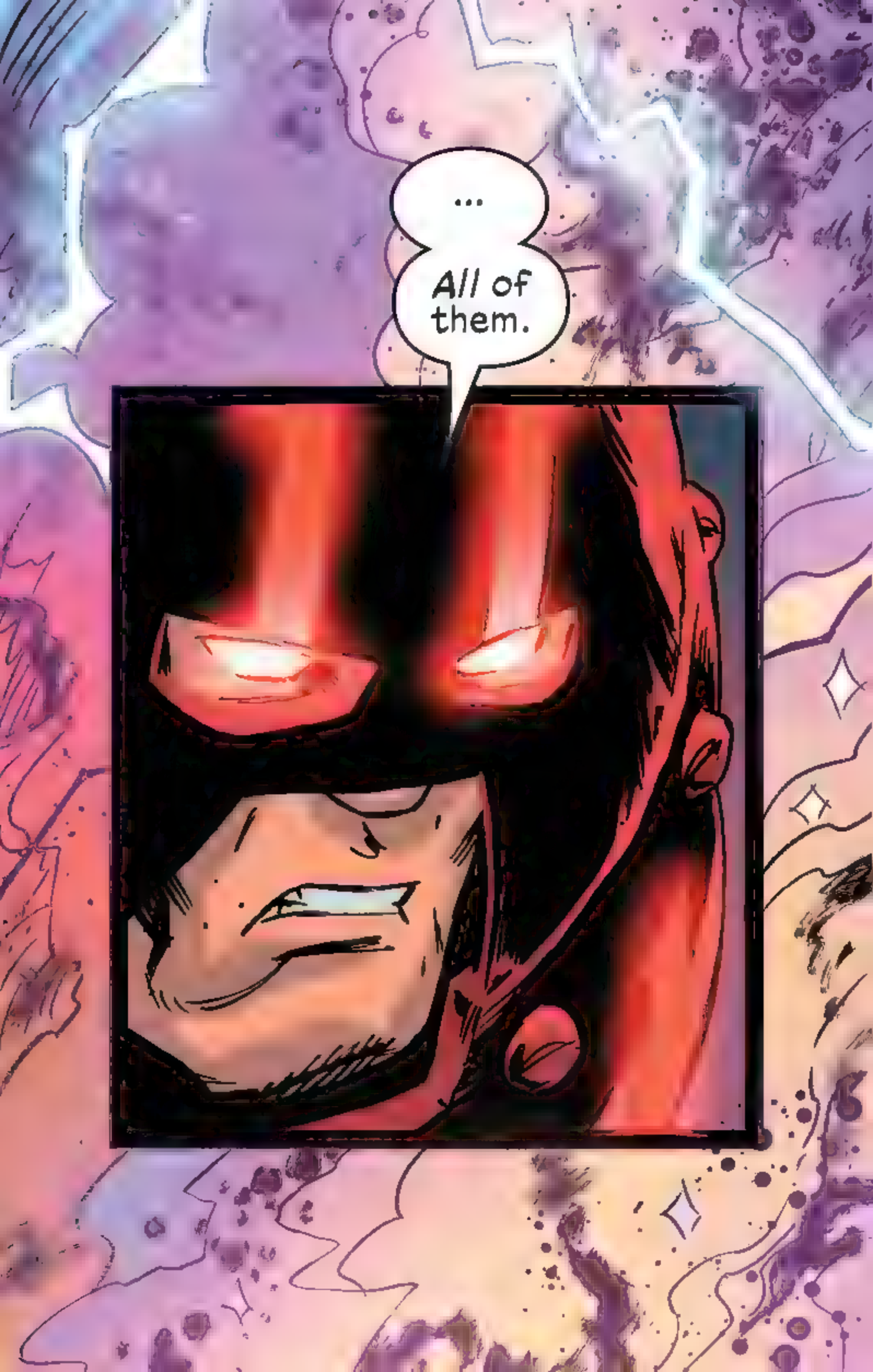
The Warden figured out how to extrapolate Wilson's *cellular regeneration?*
Worse than that...
Hey, those aren't *my* powers!

I only have the power of deluding myself into thinking I am good in bed!
Did I say that out loud?
He wanted Wilson's *healing factor* so that a *human body* could handle an *influx* of

lots of super-powers...

...The Warden experimented on *himself!*

What superhuman abilities did the Warden give himself?


...
All of them.

Not quite all. But *enough*.
Indeed, more than enough that you can now call me...

...THE HUMAN-ADAPTOID!

NEXT:
A HUNDRED POWERS AND NOT ONE OF THEM CAN MAKE ME A CHICKEN PARM SUB!

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